I am told there is a great jumble in the ministerial pot. The King taxes Pitt with duplicity; the Pittites complain of the Speaker, &c. Never was this or any other nation in such a hobble. France at liberty to turn her victorious arms towards us; a northern confederacy; our allies all cowed; the Egyptian expedition probably failed; the ports of all the world shut against us; a French fleet out against either Egypt or the West Indies; Ireland full of inflammables; a weak administration—this is only a partial sketch of our present situation.

The East India Directors, it is said, are going to vote Mr. Dundas a pension of five thousand pounds! But nothing ought to surprise us now.

In the city they think that all this has been settled with Bonaparte, because he could not treat with Pitt, nor Pitt make the proper concessions he had scouted. So peace is now to be made, and then Pitt will resume his station; and this ridiculous folly keeps the stocks up.

I am uneasy at not hearing yet of Harry's arrival in Jamaica, though various persons conversant with those seas laugh at my

fears,[1]

[1] He went out as secretary and aide-de-camp to General Knox, Commander-in-chief at Jamaica. The ship was never more heard of, and must have foundered between Martinique and Jamaica.